

Current
Comment

Elsewhere in this issue of the *Press* you will find a partial account of the activities, senatorial and civic, of Herbert C. Jones, incumbent, and candidate for re-election to the post of senator from the 18th district. A careful scrutiny of Mr. Jones' past record will convince the average voter—that is, the mentally competent—that the present senator is an eminently desirable man to retain in office. It is sound judgment on the part of the electorate to keep, if possible, the services of any public officer who has demonstrated his ability to accomplish the things beneficial to those whose faith put him in office—and to say that Mr. Jones has demonstrated that ability would be but to touch lightly a record fraught with interest to that vast body of taxpayers who appreciate getting the worth of their money. You will have an opportunity to endorse this man at the polls on Aug. 26.

It is reported that the Southern Pacific "park" has been visited by the "Gold Dust Twins." At any rate, some of the more cumbersome objects that habitually destroyed what little attractiveness remained to it have been moved away. The plot of ground in question has possibilities, and it is to be hoped that the Southern Pacific officials will view with favor the petition of the Chamber of Commerce, which requests that something be done to dress up the "park" and also suggests that something neat in a new depot would not go amiss.

The labor situation in Santa Rosa is reported to be loaded with dynamite—and already some 50 Filipinos have chosen the better part of valor and taken to their heels. A hundred or more remain, however, and the sheriff has added to his deputies enough men to handle whatever situation may arise. It is our personal belief that the astute sheriff and his deputies would have their hands full if real trouble started, however, and it is certain that trouble is in the air. With the labor situation what it is all over the country, much thought is being given to the yearly advent of the hosts of Mexicans who annually swarm to the prune picking. Will white labor want the work and if so, will they get it? The situation has interesting possibilities, the happiest conclusion to which would be a 100 per cent exodus of all Mexicans for all time.

It is interesting to note that Santa Clara county is fourth in the registration of pleasure automobiles. Los Angeles county is first with the staggering total of more than three-quarters of a million cars. San Francisco county is second, with Alameda a close third. In

VOL. 33, NO. 46

CAMPBELL, SANTA CLARA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA

TUES., JULY 22, 1930

LUCIEN M. BEALL
SUCCUMBS; HEART
ATTACK SUNDAY

Lucien M. Beall passed away suddenly Sunday morning, following a heart attack.

Funeral services were conducted by San Jose Knights Templar, of which he was a member. Cremation service was held at Cypress Lawn. "Lucie," as he was affectionately known to his Kiwanian friends, was a devoted and active member of the Campbell club, and his co-workers will greatly miss his genial hail and hearty hand-clasp.

His popularity was the natural result of his life of service to the needy public over the drug counter, where his good cheer did much to aid his medicines.

Coming from Los Gatos in 1913 Mr. Beall bought the Orchard City drug store which he conducted until 1926, when he sold the business and retired.

He is survived by his widow, Mrs. Cora A. Beall, a sister, Hattie De Puy, and a niece, Mrs. Nora McCune of Laton, Calif.

The sympathy of the entire community is extended to the bereaved ones in their hour of sorrow.

HOPE TO CONFUSE
YOUNG'S SUPPORT

That politics is by no means free from trickery, or at least those who indulge in trickery, is evident by the action of one Milton K. Young, a Democrat, in allowing his name to be entered as a Republican candidate for governor of California in an obvious effort to confuse supporters of Governor C. C. Young in the August primaries.

This is an old trick, but one that has seldom proved successful or advantageous to those whose scruples condemn it. And it will not injure Governor Young in the least.

Already we read that one of the leading Democrats of the Sacramento valley has changed his registration and announced his wholehearted support of Governor C. C. Young.

The people of California will not allow Governor Young to lose by this contemptible attempt to steal his support. He will gain the support of thousands of right-thinking Democrats who otherwise have supported their party's candidate. And he will also win the support of many Republicans who are completely "fed up" with the questionable tactics of opposition candidates.

Tricksters never win, and the California primary of this year will be another demonstration of the utter failure of their chicanery to influence sensible voters and honest citizens.

Governor Young will be nominated and re-elected by the large majority that he so richly deserves.

—Vallejo Chronicle.

Harry Smith Attends
Postmasters' Session
In Oakland Last Week

H. C. Smith spent part of last week at the state convention of postmasters at Oakland. Several of the department heads from Washington were present and gave some very interesting addresses.

First Assistant Postmaster General Arch Coleman, Fourth Assistant John Philip, and Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Ferry K. Heath were among the guests.

Hon. Arthur Free, congressman from the eighth district, was one of the speakers at the convention and also at the ground-breaking ceremonies for the new Oakland post office.

Guild Meeting
Date Is Changed

Attention of the summer division of the Congregational Guild is called to a change in the meeting place for this week Thursday. Mrs. C. E. Buck of North Central avenue will be hostess instead of Mrs. George Wright as previously announced.

the southern county folks must do little other than ride around in automobiles.

That's all.

SENATOR HERBERT C. JONES IS RIGHT
MAN FOR SENATORIAL JOB OF 18TH
DISTRICT; RECORD IS EXCEPTIONALFOWL BRONCHITIS
IS DISCUSSED IN
NEW BULLETIN

Petaluma, July 22—Attempts to immunize fowls against infectious bronchitis have failed, and treatments consisting of intracheal injections of antiseptics not only have failed to benefit them but in many instances have hastened their death. These statements made in the summary Bulletin 494 of the University of California College of Agriculture, are taken to show the seriousness of the disease and the present hopelessness of combating it through treatment.

The bulletin, "Infectious Bronchitis in Fowls," was written by George Kernohan, veterinarian in charge of the Petaluma poultry disease laboratory. It may be obtained free from the college of agriculture at Davis or Berkeley, or from any farm advisor.

Disease Is Prevalent
The disease is prevalent on poultry farms in the state, Kernohan says, and while it may attack fowls of any age, usually is most frequent where they are between the ages of four and 18 months. It appears suddenly, spreads rapidly, affects at least half the flock, with a mortality of from five to 60 per cent and an average of from ten to 20 per cent. The loss in egg production may equal that of loss of birds.

An infectious disease, it apparently is encouraged by parasitism, undernourishment and high egg production. It appears in chickens, turkeys, pigeons and ducks, and in wild quail, sparrows and blackbirds. It is definitely infectious but the nature of the causative agent has not been determined.

Newspaper's Value
Is Told Of By U. C.
Extension Lecturer

Berkeley, July 22—Newspaper advertising can play a great part in assisting business through its present troubled waters is the belief of Theodore Watson, University of California extension division lecturer in economics.

"Advertising isn't meant to be seasonal from the standpoint of paying only this or that season," declares Watson. "Sustained advertising the year around builds a confidence that is not easily shaken. Steady trade built through advertising cannot be established by any other method."

Watson will express his views on advertising in a series of lectures to be given under the auspices of the University of California extension division this fall. More than 400 classes in various subjects as well as correspondence study will be inaugurated throughout the state in August, it is announced by extension officials. Persons interested in the state university's adult study program are requested to write to 301 California Hall, University of California.

Sequoia National Park
Offers Good Fishing

Fishing conditions in Sequoia National park are now at their best, states a report received by the National Automobile club from L. F. Cook, chief ranger, Sequoia National park. Large numbers of limit catches were brought in from all branches of the Kaweah river. The Middle Fork above Hospital Rock, upper South Fork, Horse creek and North Fork were best during the past week. Upper Kern river has not gone down low enough to furnish excellent sport. Many limits of large Rainbows, for which this river is famous, reported last week. All trails now open to this area.

All of the 250 high mountain lakes in the Sequoia National park are now open and free from snow, and many fine, large fish are being caught by spinners.

The Giant Forest road and all camp roads are oiled and in excellent condition. Balmey, spring-like days and cool, bracing nights cover the weather now.

The announcement by Senator Herbert C. Jones of his candidacy for re-election is of interest to Campbell people, as this is the first time that they have had an opportunity to vote for him. Heretofore Santa Clara county has had two senators at Sacramento, one to represent the northern half (the 28th district) and one to represent the southern half (the 27th district). Under the new reapportionment act Santa Clara county is entitled to but one senator for the whole county and it is now known as the 18th district. For some years Senator Jones has represented the northern half of the county and is now a candidate for election for the district as a whole. Senator Sanborn Young represents the south half of the county. His district automatically goes out of existence two years hence with the expiration of his present term of office.

Santa Clara County Product
Senator Jones is a product of the schools of Santa Clara county. He graduated in turn from the Hester grammar school, San Jose high school, Stanford university, and the Stanford law school.

Since his graduation from college, he has been engaged in the active practice of law. He is one of the prominent and able lawyers of California. The chairmanship of the all-important judiciary committee of the state senate is one of the high honors in the legal profession. For five consecutive sessions he has been appointed to this position. He is looked upon as a man of sound legal and business judgment, whose advice is highly regarded. He is today a director in three different building and loan associations. In 1927 he was made president of the State League of Building and Loan Associations.

Civic Leader
In civic affairs he has always taken a prominent part. He served on his local school board for three terms; in 1912 he was chairman of the successful campaign committee that raised the fund to build the Y. M. C. A. for San Jose; for years he has been an active member of the Sempervirens club, the organization which was responsible for the acquisition of the Big Basin; and is a member of the advisory board of the state park commission in its work of acquiring new state parks. He is also a director of the State Adult Education association.

In the legislature Senator Jones early achieved a position of leadership. The state education commission of which he was chairman, in 1921, rendered the report out of which has grown the present junior college system of California. He was chairman of the special committee in 1923, that investigated corporation expenditures for election purposes.

Chairman Important Commissions

In 1927 he was a member of the water commission which studied and reported on the water resources of California. At the 1929 session of the legislature he was made chairman of the committee that investigated the existence of the alleged cement trust in California and of price-fixing by the cement companies. This year he is a member of the state taxation committee which is endeavoring to bring about a more equitable system of taxation, and to untangle some of the critical tax complications. Because of his knowledge of state problems and his ability as an investigator he is sought on these various important commissions.

The voters of his old district, who have re-elected him term after term with increasing majorities, believe that the people of the new district will feel that the position of leadership which he has attained in state affairs is an asset of great value to Santa Clara county.

Last Day For Health
Food Demonstrations
At Shadle's Store

Wednesday is the last day that Mrs. Mary Clerke, representative of the Battle Creek sanitarium, will

GRANGE DAY TO BE
FEATURE OF STATE
FAIR AT CAPITAL

Wednesday, Sept. 3, has been set aside as "Grange Day" at the California state fair at Sacramento. It is hoped through this move to secure much needed advertising for that organization.

The Grange is a valuable organization and should be known all over the state, but due to a lack of publicity it remains somewhat obscure in some sections.

A special program is being arranged, with noted speakers, entertainers, singing, and a luncheon all on the list. All Grangers and their families are urged to be present. Most members are planning on at least one day at the fair, so why not make it "Grange Day?"

MONTEREY PLANS
A COUNTY FAIR

According to reports another great event has been added to Monterey peninsula's calendar of attractions for the coming year. A Monterey county fair, expected to be the most spectacular event of this kind in the state, will be held in September at the Del Monte polo field area, according to an announcement made this week by county leaders who are proceeding with immediate plans for incorporation.

Horse races, steeplechase races, polo games and other spectacular events will feature the Monterey county fair in addition to agricultural and stock exhibits.

Always a popular tourist objective, Monterey peninsula is attracting more visitors this year than ever before.

The new Salinas-Del Monte highway has proven an additional stimulus to Monterey-bound travel. Practically all travel from southern California comes by way of the Coast highway and Salinas.

Travel from the north is heavy via Santa Cruz, Hecker pass and Chittenden pass routes as well as via Salinas.

Stephen Merrill Sings
Group Of Songs For
Local Folks Sun. Nite

Last Sunday night at the Campbell Congregational church an appreciative audience listened to the beautiful voice of Steve Merrill, a local boy and Campbell's bid for fame in the vocal world.

With Miss Marjorie Johns of San Jose at the piano, Stephen favored with the following group of songs:

"What Is A Song?" Pearl Curran; "The Time for Making Songs Has Come," James Rogers; "Caro Mio Ben," Giordani; "Als die alte Mutter," Dvorak; "Invictus," Bruno Huhn; "The Wind Speaks," Grant Schaefer; "The Rose," Joseph Clokey, and "Ah, Moon of My Delight," Liza Lehman.

Instrumental music arranged by Everett Page and a talk by the Rev. Joe Bennett filled out the program.

Local Camp Fire Girls
Make Perfect Rating

Campbell folks will be interested to learn that the local group, or a part of the local group of Camp Fire girls, sojourning at the Big Basin camp, is the only aggregation out of the present attendance of 43 girls, who passed their personal and camp inspections 100 per cent O. K. This is no mean accomplishment, as a most rigorous inspection must be met.

The girls who so proudly hold the record are Alberta Lantz, Olga Brydon, Lois Bachman, Jane White-man, Mary Shank, Helen Robinson, all of Campbell, and Audrey Sheller and Lois Williams of San Jose, who filled out the group. They are under the able direction of Miss Helen Byrne, counselor, of Santa Cruz.

be demonstrating the Battle Creek Health Foods and giving diet advice at Shadle's drug store.

Mr. Shadle says that many local people are hearing Mrs. Clerke's interesting talks.

MRS. LENA RODECK
PASSED AWAY AT
HOME SUNDAY EVE

The death of Mrs. Lena M. Rodeck Sunday night was a sad shock to her family and to the entire community, where all of her busy, useful life had been spent.

Lena Campbell was born Feb. 26, 1856, in Campbell, a daughter of Benjamin and Mary L. Campbell, founders of the town and after whom it was named.

Growing to womanhood in her native village, she became the bride of the late Samuel George Rodeck, local orchardist and who was later a promoter of the Campbell bank, and a dealer in real estate.

Death was due to the rupture of a growth in her throat, which was operated upon about a year ago, but had reappeared. Her release from suffering occurred within a few moments.

The sad event followed a very happy day spent at Twin Lakes with her children and grandchildren, Mrs. Cora Antrim and children, Barbara Jane and Calvin of Fresno, George Benjamin Rodeck, his wife and daughter, Mary Anne, of Gilroy, and Mary L. Rodeck of Campbell.

Apparently in usual health, Mrs. Rodeck dined with the family upon their return, and retired rather early. Shortly after she called her daughter, and in a few moments had entered into eternal rest.

Always of a quiet and unassuming nature, never-the-less, Mrs. Rodeck had exercised a deep and worthwhile influence in the history and development of the community. By her sweet and uncomplaining disposition she endeared herself to a wide circle of friends who have remained steadfast through the years.

Funeral services will be held Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock from the Methodist church of Campbell, of which she had been an earnest, faithful worker and supporter since its foundation. The pastor, Rev. Albert S. Buell, will be in charge of the service, and interment will be in the family plot in Santa Clara Protestant cemetery.

In addition to the immediate family named above, there remain to mourn her loss a brother, James Henry Campbell and a large group of more distant relatives.

In the passing of Mrs. Rodeck Campbell has lost another of its fine pioneer stock, whose characters and lives helped to make this the fine home town which it has always been, and her memory will long be bright, as the annual Old Settlers' Day is observed.

Governor C. C. Young
To Speak Over KQW
Thursday Eve At 8:00

Governor C. C. Young will this Thursday evening at 8 o'clock address the public on campaign issues of interest to everybody. It is also rumored that the Governor will put to route some of the anti-Young "bubbles" emanating from the camp of the opposition.

Mr. Young is a fine speaker and it is expected a large gathering will be on hand to hear his talk. For the stay-at-homes a turn of the radio dial to KQW will give them the opportunity to hear Governor C. C. Young at that time.

New Officers of Odd
Fellows Installed
Thursday Evening

Thursday evening the new officers of the Morning Light lodge No. 42, I. O. O. F., were installed by District Deputy Grand Master Arthur Lawry and his staff. The interesting ceremony was witnessed by a record audience of local members and visitors from other lodges.

New officers are Fred Getchell, past grand; Edwin Mitchell, noble grand; Ray Mathis, vice grand; Oluf Strom, Warden; W. Griffin, chaplain; R. Kossick, conductor, and other officers, Julius Bachman, W. R. Coupland, A. E. Brydon, Harry Pratt, Herbert Gardner, Edward Genasci, T. A. Robinson, Ralph Gardner, Lester Brackett, Mark Tusip and A. B. Covey.

A banquet concluded the evening program.

DRESS AND HAT MUST MATCH



IT IS just too clever for words the way milliners are working the fabric of the dress into the making of the hat for summer. Now that the idea is launched, there seems no limit to its expression.

Whatever the material for the frock, be it silk, cotton, wool or linen, dotted swiss, tweed, embroidered batiste or merely humble calico, like dress like hat is the latest message flashed from fashionland.

Not that the hat necessarily be of the dress goods cut. Of course it may be, but could fabric-trimmed straws talk they loudly declare that the all-fabric hat is not "smarter than we" and really not quite so new.

The group pictured gives an idea of some of the "doings" of smart fabric-trimmed straws. There is per example, the wide-brimmed model centered in the illustration. It is a medium blue ballbust straw, its brim widened with a flange of pale pink organdie machine-stitched row and row. The hat is worn high on the forehead to achieve the new line.

When it comes to the truth of the matter, there are more organdie-trimmed straws than any others, especially white or pastel organdie on black or navy straws. The fall as now is calls for white organdie on the hat, white organdie neck wear, buttonholes of white violets, white gloves, white shoes, touches up the navy or black costume to perfection.

Linen comes in as close second to organdie as a trimming for the straw hat. Black linen borders the large natural colored exotic straw worn by the young girl first in the picture. Hats made all of linen in any color or black or white are also featured. For these the crowns

are frequently of embroidered linen either flower patterned or polka dotted, the brims being of the monotone linen usually all-over stitched in rows.

The model at the top to the right bespeaks that which is ultra chic, youthful and flattering—the straw crown with an off-the-face draped brim of white or tinted organdie matching the organdie frill about the neck.

The last hat is one of the popular bar bonnet shapes. White felt trims this black baki straw. It is a French model Paris modistes continue to exploit black and white with utmost enthusiasm.

Indian Tribes Related
The bureau of Indian affairs says that the Mohican tribe of Indians is the same as the Mahican. This was one of the Algonquin tribes and it says of the Mohicans remain they are incorporated in the Stockbridge tribes. The Stockbridge Indians are closely connected with the Delawares, although they are not a branch of this tribe. Some of the Stockbridge Indians live in Wisconsin.

Actuary's Duties
An actuary is a computing official of an insurance company, one whose profession it is to calculate insurance risks and premiums. A person skilled in theories and problems involved in making these calculations

SIDE by side, moored so close to each other that they could just clear with the shifting of the tides in a shimmering moon-lit bay floated two crafts. A portraiture of ironic contrast. One was the pale, that steam yacht Versailles, the pleasure barge of young Gregory Anson who was using his youth to poke the fissure of his pet into all unfamiliar ports that dotted the seven seas. The other was a long squat lumber scow recently free of a load of cypress from some southern port.

Gregory had guests for dinner this night. From the open port holes of the dining salon floated gay laughter, serious talk and the congenial warming clink of fragrant glasses. In addition to two clams his fiancée and her mother who were making the cruise with him there were on board a famous portrait painter and a noted engineer. At Gregory and Lona Lasselles were lingering at table.

These two had exchanged their selves and were up above leaning against the bridge rail.

"You're very silent," said Lona, not like yourself at all tonight, Lona Gregory said, murmured.

"What's the matter old girl? You know I love you; you know I'd do everything to make you happy—why, we've grown up together; you ought to know me by this time."

"That's just the trouble, Greg dear. I do know you. Oh—I'm a foolish idealist of course. I love you, and you're everything I want except—except that you've never earned a dollar in your life. You've never worked for it, striven for anything you wanted in

your life—not even me. I fell in love with you like a ripe apple because—well, because you are adorable; but Greg I've always dreamed of marrying a man who if he had to, could make his way without a dollar to start with. Greg dear, if you know women a little better I think you'd understand. Sorry it's so late to tell you. A woman's got to do more than just love a man, she's got to look up to him—it's her nature!"

"Yes, Lona! I understand. While you were talking I wanted to give you a good shaking; just as I used to do when you filled candy out of my pockets at school. But I got a sudden flash of your viewpoint. And I guess you're right, Lona. I've never earned a dollar, never even traded pocket knives when I was a kid. Exercised the golden spoon since to be remedied. There must be a way. Have you any suggestions? Because you see you mean so much to me that I don't want you unless I can have every bit of you; love, respect, understanding, the whole business that goes with the right kind of marriage."

"By Jove! What a portrait!" A deep voice from behind them exclaimed. It was Weyman Harris the painter. He stood gazing over the opposite bridge at the scow scow, evidently having just come up on the deck.

Hardly a hundred feet away, squarely etched in bright moonlight, rose the boxlike little cabin of the scow with its dark window slitting in a nondescript chair tilted back against the wall of the cabin was a man; a young man, sound

asleep. A man whose every rugged feature, clearly visible, bore the stamp of toil and strife. One knew that those closed eyes had sailed many seas and had seen them from the struggler's angle.

Weyman Harris stepped quickly to the porthole wall of the wheel house, thumbed a tiny sheet to it, and was at once immersed in sure, rapid pencil strokes; turning his head every second to look at the model.

Greg and Lona still remained in rapt contemplation.

"Yes my lady, it's worth a try, came finally from Greg in what was an unconscious whisper.

"What did you say, Greg?" Gregory did not reply. He lit a cigarette withdrawn with elaborate care from a gold case; put four fingers in his mouth, from which at once there issued a shrill and piercing whistle. The sleeper a hundred feet away, limped from his chair as if he had been shot and looked about him warily.

"Say, friend!" Gregory called clearly. "Come over a moment please. I want to see you."

A few moments later, having rowed over in the scow's punt, the stalwart sailor stood on the bridge facing Greg and Lona.

"Yes, sir!" he said expectantly.

"Who's your chief over there?" from Greg.

"Captain Janson, sir. He's ashore."

"Well, laddyback, you've got a new job at a hundred a month and keep. You're going to report to my captain at once and get a suit of whites. Deckhand on the Versailles—six months' cruise."

"Six months? Ah, but why that's—twice what I get of the barge. Ah, but say; I can't leave the old man that way."

"That's all fixed, I'm taking your place. When he comes back he'll find me and I'll square you."

Gregory Anson turned to Lona and there was that in his eyes that thrilled her. "Lona, fix this boy up with Captain Smith. I'll see you sometime, somewhere—just now I'm going to work for you." And Gregory started down for the little punt bobbing at the side.

When a Woman Is in Love

The Weekly Story—By LEETE STONE

Food for Health

By NELLIE MAXWELL

FOR those who wish to reduce weight and for those who wish to gain weight the same rules for both in many things should be followed. Both need exercise, fresh air and baths inside and out with plenty of water.

Food for health is the best of regulators. Food, food, food for health and are forgotten. A few general health rules here will apply to the ordinary individual who need not starve or stuff. Eat moderately of all foods. Drink plenty of water, do not eat too much of any one kind of food and be sure to eat plenty of vegetables and cut down on the meat. For the thin person butter, cream, as well as plenty of fresh vegetables are necessities.

Hearty, heavy foods like meat, vegetable proteins and nuts should always be served with fresh green foods.

Heavy eaters are prone to have acidosis. Fresh vegetables and fruits counteract this tendency. Citrus fruits are invaluable in the diet.

A good habit to form which is as important as brushing the teeth is the drinking the juice of a lemon in hot water. A whole lemon is not too much dilute with hot water to fill a glass. Drink it on rising at least half an hour before breakfast.

The best results with any food may be determined when that food

is not mixed with any others. So it is with citrus fruits—take the lemon grapefruit and orange by itself. However, an occasional pinch of the mixed fruits can be enjoyed without trouble.

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FORMING PERFECT ENSEMBLE



PROPOS of the new gloves, the hat, the pocketbook, the shoes to complete the summer ensemble white is the word written across the style horizon in letters big and bold. And forget not the buttonholes of white violets!

Navy touched with white, black touched with white, is the way the style message from Paris reads which being interpreted means that with the navy frock to black the most stylish are wearing frills and furbelows of white organdie at necklines and sleeveholes, white or gaudy on the black or navy chapeau, else an all white hat carrying white pocketbooks, denoting white gauntlet gloves and treading summer's "pathway of roses" in white footwear. And now for the finishing touch, a buttonhole of white violets or else a snowy garland of two or three clusters of lilies of the valley posed just so on lapels or shoulder or used as a tasteful touch to the white collar.

Likewise if the frock or suit ensemble or coat be pure white in stand of black navy or print the same applies as to accessories also, white.

Quite often fashion varies the program by featuring polka dotted accessories. Even pocketbooks and shoes have gone polka dot this season not to mention hat bands, scarfs and the like.

And have you added a pair of

linen shoes to your bootie ward robe? A new medium for footwear is linen, one which is the fad of the hour. Sports types as well as dressier styles reflect this craze for linen. Evening slippers of linen are "saying it" with touches of dainty embroidery done in lovely colors. The linen is often processed with a lacquer, then again the linen pure and simple is featured.

For sports natural colored linen shoes embroidered in polka dots are shown with pocketbooks to match.

Paris is sending over some fascinating "sets" which include in addition to the pocketbook and the cunningest of belts the entire of gay embroidered linen. The idea is to wear these enlivening items with the white suit or frock giving it that touch of color which is considered so exceedingly smart for the summer.

A very much featured color note in the French capital is the use of brown with white for accessories. White kid shoes, trimmed with brown kid are worn with many sports costumes. White or natural colored straw hats are considered in brown polka dots. Brown straws have flanges of white organdie the same to be worn with brown piping linen or shantung. Three-piece ensembles, the latest perhaps being dotted swiss brown on white.

HELEN BOTTOMLEY
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PAINS

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Bayer Aspirin stops pain quickly. It does it without any ill effects. Harmless to the heart; harmless to anybody. But it always brings relief. Why suffer?

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Per day to start. No matter what your former work may have been, so long as you are neat and intelligent, apply, stating age and previous employment.

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KREMOLA SKIN-BLEACH

Wonderful and sure. Makes your skin beautiful, also cures eczema, freckles, etc. Freckles disappear in 10 days. Used over forty years. It's the best. Beauty product that's free. Ask your dealer or write

DR. C. M. BERRY CO.
2930 Michigan Ave., Chicago

Great Violin Maker

Vincenzo Trusiano Panormo of Paris and London was born in Monreale bei Palermo, 1734, and died in London, 1812. Like Lupot and Al-die, Panormo was one of the cleverest imitators of Stradivarius violins. Of a wandering disposition, he often changed his residence and worked in London, Paris, and also in Ireland. Some of his instruments have a marvelous finish and his red varnish is of exceptional quality. His instruments are scarce and sometimes branded.



Makes Life Sweeter

Too much to eat—too rich a diet—or too much smoking. Lots of things cause sour stomach, but one thing can correct it quickly. Phillips Milk of Magnesia will alkalize the acid. Take a spoonful of this pleasant preparation, and the system is soon sweetened.

Phillips is always ready to relieve distress from over-eating; to check all acidity; or neutralize nicotine. Remember this for your own comfort; for the sake of those around you. Endorsed by physicians, but they always say Phillips. Don't buy something else and expect the same results!

PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia



Looks Young, Feels Fine

"Eight years ago before my last baby was born, I started taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I got such good results that I named her Catherine Lydia. I have six older children and five grandchildren, too. I am 44, but people tell me I look much younger. I am now taking the Vegetable Compound again because of my age. I eat and sleep better and I do all my housework, and my washing. I will do my best to answer letters."—Mrs. H. Dolhonde, 6318 York St., New Orleans, Louisiana.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co., Lynn, Mass.

KITTIE and BENNIE

A Story for the Children

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

"I saw you both in the city not long ago," said the horse whose name was Fred.

And the other horses nodded their heads and neighed as they agreed with Fred.

"We must have all come about the same time," said Bennie.

"I think you're right," said Kittie. "I know why we all came here," said Fred. "I heard my master talking to your masters about it, and I heard him say things which I am sure you will both be glad to hear."

"They made me very very happy for I have tried to do my best and it is nice to hear the good things, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Bennie. "I think it is for I don't think it makes one contented to hear nice things."

"I think it makes one want to live up to them and it makes every one happy."

"I agree," said Kittie. "I think there are so many nice people here and women boys and girls and animals too that they should be made happy by hearing that they are liked."

"Well you both would like to hear my story then, eh?" asked Fred.

"We would," said Bennie. "For we are glad to hear you have good news for us."

"There were a few days when we were quite certain we were going to be sold and we didn't know what sort of masters we would have."

"I almost died of joy when I came here," said Kittie.

"How I loved helping them when they came from school. How gay and bright were the hours in the day when their high, gloriously happy voices would reach my ears."

"My master would whisper to me."

"The children are coming, Fred. We must be on guard to see that they don't get run over."

"And oh the parades we have seen! The lives of adventure we have had!"

"Our masters begged that we would not be sold but that we would be brought to this wonderful farm and looked after all our days, well our masters simply cried for joy."

"They're to be rewarded," they shouted. "They're to be rewarded."

"So we are to live on this beautiful farm. We will always be looked after."

"Our busy city lives are over, but oh how thankful I am that in my old age I can think of the days on the police force when I could do so much good."

And Kittie and Bennie neighed in happiness that this reward had been given to them.

(© 1930 Western Newspaper Union)

SUCH IS LIFE Just So!



By Charles Sughrue

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co., Lynn, Mass.

The Mazaroff Mystery

by J. S. FLETCHER

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

(©, by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.)
W. N. U. Service

CHAPTER XI—Continued

"I told her that if she attempted to leave that room until I'd finished with her, I'd ring the bell, send for the police, and give her in charge!" said Sheila. "And I should have done so—nothing would have stopped me. That calmed her down—she knew me! Then I talked to her. I pieced things together finally. I told her that her cousin's room had been found on the scene of the murder."

"How did she take that?" inquired Maythorne.

"She turned very pale," replied Sheila. "But almost instantly she retorted that my mother had an exactly similar brooch—why wasn't she suspected? I replied that my mother never wore the other brooch—evidently she, Alison, did. Then I went on to rub it into her, telling her all I could. My mother, on her part, begged her to tell my thing she knew. Finally, on my telling her that unless I got some explanation, I should give her in charge there and then, she admitted that she knew—something!"

"Ah!" said Maythorne. "Something!" repeated Sheila. "And having admitted that she made a strange offer—though I'm bound to say that I didn't seem so very strange at the time. She pointed out that she was alone there in London, that she was in a degree at my mercy. Then she reminded me that she had a brother here in London, a man who left Marrasdale years ago, and who had, she said, a business in the Harrow road."

"Are, to be sure?" muttered Corderdale. "The Harrow road?"

"And she made us an offer," continued Sheila. "She said that if we would go with her, there and then, to her brother's house, and allow her to consult with him first, she'd tell us the absolute truth about all that she actually knew. We were fools enough to go—and we set off at once, without telling any body. We expected, of course, to be back in a very short time."

"What happened, miss?" inquired Corderdale.

"We left the hotel and got a taxi cab round the corner of the next street," continued Sheila. "Alison Murdoch told the driver where to go. I knew where the Harrow road opens in Edgware road at Paddington Green; and we went a long, long way beyond that. At last we got out—"

"A minute, Miss," interrupted Manners. "When you got out, did you happen to notice if you were being followed by another taxi cab, now?"

"I did see a taxi cab pull up on the other side of the street lower down," replied Sheila. "I noticed that while my mother was paying our man."

Manners sniffed, and whispered to his colleague—an audible whisper. "That had to be him," he said. "Tracked 'em! For pardon, Miss for interrupting you."

"We walked up the road a little way," continued Sheila. "Then we turned into a side street, and into a still smaller street that ran off that—a dark gloomy street. Out side one of the houses, Alison Murdoch asked us to wait a few minutes while she went in. We did. She was away perhaps five minutes. Then she came out, and fetched us in. It was a dark gloomy house—as gloomy as the street outside. She took us into what seemed to be a back bedroom on the ground floor, where there was a dim light from a gas bracket, and asked us to wait a few minutes longer. Then she went out—and that was the last we saw of her."

Corderdale, still twiddling his thumbs, took his eyes off Sheila for the first time. He cast them up to the ceiling and stared at what ever he saw there, thoughtfully. Manners, however, let out one word sharply:

"Trapped!"

"Of course we were trapped," asserted Sheila. "We deserved to be—anyhow, I did. We hadn't been in that room five minutes before we knew it. We heard the door locked from the outside, and what seemed to be a bar put across it. I immediately flew to the window and tore the blind and the curtain away. Then I saw that there were heavy shutters across the window—on the outside, and I found the sashes were nailed down. We were trapped, indeed! Horrible!"

"What happened?" asked Maythorne, softly. "In brief."

"In brief—yes," said Sheila. "I'm not going into details of that horrible anything now at any rate. I heard on the door but there was no reply everything was quiet enough. After an hour a parcel that I'd noticed in one of the walls—the sort of thing, a batch, you know that communicates between a kitchen and a dining room, was suddenly slipped open and a hand and arm thrust in a big basket and dropped it on the bed. Then the parcel was banged to again and I heard it secured. There was food—plenty of it and good in the kitchen and a couple of bottles of wine, good charet and glasses and a cork screw. So we weren't starved. But there we were, trapped—until this evening two nights and two days. We never saw anybody. Each evening an other basket was dropped in, so

suddenly that we'd no chance to seize the hand that dropped it, or to get a glimpse of the adjoining room. We neither saw nor heard anything, all the time."

"And you got out, how?" asked Maythorne.

"This evening, when we were about done up, for lack of fresh air—though to tell the truth, I'd long since broken the window!—replied Sheila, "we suddenly heard sounds outside the door. Then we heard the bolt withdrawn, and the key turned, and somebody outside ran away—the hall door banged. We immediately went out—the place was in darkness and silence. We left the house and hurried off to find a cab."

The door of Mrs. Elphinstone's bedroom opened and the nurse look in on us.

"Mrs. Elphinstone wishes to see Mr. Elphinstone and Miss Meredith," she said.

A moment later, Maythorne, I and the two policemen were alone. Maythorne rose from his chair, put his hands in his pockets, and looked inquiringly at Corderdale.

"Well?" he said.

Corderdale smiled—inscrutably—and nodded at the door through which Mr. Elphinstone and Sheila had just vanished.

"Don't you believe that yarn?" he said, almost contemptuously. "I'm sure I was on my legs at that—I dare say I turned on the detective in a fury."

"What the devil do you mean?" I demanded. "Are you questioning Miss Meredith's word?"

"I mean that however true the young lady's story may be—and I ain't questioning it," said Corderdale, "I don't believe that the old lady, in there isn't in this! She and the woman, Murdoch—put-up job between 'em! The kidnapping! a piece of bluff to enable the other woman to get away. Of course, the other woman—Bownas—came across her, and she tricked him into the alley, and did him in! Obvious! But—Mrs. Elphinstone's in it, and I'm not going out of this hotel nor Manners, either till we've done a bit of questioning. That's that!—as they say nowa days."

I was still boiling with rage, but I looked at Maythorne, inwardly wondering that he was so calm. He had kept on nodding his head while Corderdale spoke, and he was evidently about to give him some meditated reply, when a knock came at the outer door and a waiter looked in.

"Mr. Maythorne?" he inquired, glancing round the room. Then, as Maythorne moved toward him, he added: "Will you come to the telephone, sir?—name of Cottingley asking for you."

CHAPTER XII

The Boat Train.

MAYTHORNE hurried out of the room, leaving me, still indignant and glowering, alone with the policeman. Presently Corderdale, who had been whispering to Manners, turned to me.

"It's all very well, and I've no doubt very natural, for you to be a bit indignant," he said half-protectorily, half-apologetically. "You're sweet on the young lady as anybody with half an eye can see, and—"

"Leave the young lady's name out of the question, if you please!" I exclaimed. "And mine, too!"

"Bit difficult to leave her out isn't it?" he retorted, smiling. "After what we've just heard! I don't disbelieve her tale, not I!—though I'm more than a bit surprised that a young woman of her intelligence—clever girl!—should let herself be trapped in that fashion. Trapped she was, no doubt!—but I don't believe her mother was trapped."

"What?" I exclaimed. "Why you've just heard—"

"I've just heard what we've all just heard," he interrupted. "My opinion is that it was all a put-up job between Mrs. Elphinstone and this woman Murdoch, and that Mrs. Meredith has been taken in by both. I think that Mrs. Elphinstone went willingly to that house and stood the detention there—she wanted for nothing. You heard—so that her daughter, who was beginning to know too much and to get dangerous, should be kept safe and quiet while the Murdoch woman got right away! And I'll lay all I'm worth to a penny that Murdoch knocked that chap Bownas on the head in that back alley and that by now she's some where."

"You don't think that Mrs. Elphinstone knew anything about Bownas?" I said. "Good Lord, according to you—"

"According to me, sir, Murdoch murdered Mazaroff, and Mrs. Elphinstone's well aware of it," he said determinedly. "There's what the lawyers call prima facie evidence of that, anyhow and Manners here agrees with me! And we're not going out of this hotel until that doctor comes back and then we're going to see if Mrs. Elphinstone isn't fit to be questioned. And if she isn't, get out—then we're going to stay on the premises till she is! So there!"

Before I could say anything the outer door opened and Maythorne, stuck half his face inside the room.

"Holt!" he said.

I went to him; he drew me into the corridor and closed the door.

"Message from Cottingley," he said in a whisper. "He's been carrying on a close investigation of steamship offices this last forty-eight hours working like a nigger. And at last he's hit on something! This afternoon a woman, closely answering to the description I gave him of Alison Murdoch, booked two passages for New Zealand at the New Zealand Shipping Company offices in Cockspur street by their ship the Rimutaka, which leaves Southampton early tomorrow morning. The boat train is the ten o'clock tonight from Waterloo. Cottingley's down there—he's got a

couple of detectives with him from the Yard; to save time he went there and told what he'd discovered. We'll get down there at once—the immediate question is—shall we tell these fellows inside? What do you think?"

"Corderdale's just declared that he won't leave this hotel till he's questioned Mrs. Elphinstone," I replied. "He's going to wait for the doctor's return."

"Then come on!" he said. "It's now about nine-twenty—we shall be at Waterloo in plenty of time. God!—I shouldn't wonder if Cottingley's struck the trail at last!—I told you what a sharp chap he is."

We ran down to the entrance hall; outside there were two or three taxis standing about; Maythorne made for the first.

"We'd better pull up a little short of Waterloo," he remarked as we got in. "Stop in York road—by the hotel there," he added to the driver. "You see, Holt?" he went on as we moved off southward. "If this woman is Murdoch, she'll know you from having seen you at the Woodcock; she may know me, though I don't remember her. So we must move warily; if she's attempting a total clear out, the least thing will put her off. But—she booked two passages, this woman of whom Cottingley's heard, now for whom can the other be?"

"Can she have had an accomplice?—if this woman really is Murdoch?" I suggested.

"She's had accomplices here in London, in that Harrow road affair, without doubt," he answered. "May be the brother she spoke of to Mrs. Elphinstone and Miss Meredith. But as an accomplice in the Mazaroff business—now! If she had—"

He paused there and remained silent so long that at last I asked him what he was thinking about.

"I was thinking this," he answered slowly. "This!—that if this woman Murdoch really murdered Mazaroff and had an accomplice, and if Murdoch is the woman who came across her, and she tricked him into the alley, and did him in!—you see?—if the second passage is for the accomplice, why, then we're probably going to have a very astounding surprise and revelation! But as I say, it's all ifs."

We got out of the cab at the corner of York road and walked quickly toward the big station. Before we were half way up the incline we met Cottingley. He was lounging along with his hands in his trousers pockets and a cigarette hanging loosely from the corner of his open mouth, and he looked as placid and unconcerned as ever.

"Thought you'd come this way," he said as we passed. "You're in good time—twenty-five minutes yet. I should say she—they, I mean—'ll not turn up till the last thing. And all's ready. The only thing is, if this woman is the woman we think—Murdoch—who can recognize her positively?"

"Mr. Holt can," answered Maythorne.

Cottingley regarded me with speculative eyes—I felt I was not of any great account in his opinion.

"Know her?" he asked.

"I know her!" I answered.

Without another word he turned on his heel toward the front of the station.

"What's to be done is this," he said, walking between us. "The Southampton train leaves Number Four platform ten o'clock precisely. I've got two thoroughly dependable men from the Yard—had to go there and tell 'em everything of course, if I meant to be on the spot—and they and I'll be on the platform. She'll not know us. Now then, is there any fear of her knowing either of you?"

"The strong presumption," replied Maythorne, "is that she'll know us both."

"Very well," said Cottingley. "Then this is what we do. I've already, with the detectives, given the tip to the railway authorities."

"That there may be an important arrest, I've got. Now, I'm going to keep you two just within the barrier where you can't be seen. You'll keep there until the passengers begin coming through for the train. I shall be close by—the detectives to be a yard or two further on in touch with me; there'll also be two or three railway police about, in case there's any bother. Now if Mr. Holt there recognizes this Murdoch woman, he'll signal to me by lifting his hat; the instant she passes him—and you can leave the rest to us."

"All clear," said Maythorne. "We'll get you, Cottingley."

We passed into the big brilliant lighted station. Even at that late hour of the evening it was crowded. Cottingley moved swiftly ahead of us through the groups, passed us through a barrier with a whispered word to the men in charge, and suddenly twisting to his left, ushered us behind a big wooden partition a few yards away from the gate whereat tickets were punched.

"Remember!" he said. "If it's the woman we want—up with you hat! But be sure!"

That waiting was about as big a trial of my nerves as I had gone through since I heard the last shot fired in Flanders. Folk were streaming in upon the platform, porters went by with piles of luggage; there were all the scenes and sounds, hurries and bustlings, incidental to the departure of a big express bound for a great shipping center. But what we waited for—I with my eyes and throbbing nerves—was long in coming. Across the broad expanse of station, above some far distant platform hung a clock—I could not avoid an occasional glance at it. Never, surely, had the hands moved more slowly.

"Holt!" whispered Maythorne. "Sharp, now! Is that she?"

A woman was just coming through the barrier—a tall slim woman of erect, easy carriage. By her side was another woman, slighter in height of fuller figure and heavily veiled. I could not see her face but the face of the taller woman was that which I had seen two or three times in the big kitchen

at the Woodcock. A second later she and her companion, each carrying a substantial-sized valise, had passed the ticket puncher and come full into the light. I had no doubt then, and my hand went up to the brim of my hat as if a machine had moved it.

"Come on!" said Maythorne. "Now for it! But—whose's the other?"

The two women were being hurried into a third-class compartment by an already impatient guard as watching detectives, some railway policemen, Cottingley, and Maythorne and I closed round them. One of the detectives laid a hand on the taller woman's arm.

It was the first time in my life that I had ever seen an arrest, and I was amazed at the quickness, the dexterity, the absence of fuss, in it. We had the two women into the little office close by, and the door locked, and the blinds down, before I had realized what was happening—as the key turned in the door I heard the whistle of the guard and the shriek of the engine as the ten o'clock sped out to time. And then I turned . . . to answer a question.

"That's Alison Murdoch—yes!" I said. "Yes—without doubt!"

The senior detective turned to the other woman. She was leaning against a table; her breath was coming in short, sharp gasps; her whole frame trembled.

"Take off that veil!" snapped the detective. "Come on, now!"

We stood staring intently at the woman lifted a hand and divested herself of the thick veiling that had completely obscured her features. It fell aside, and it was from Maythorne, usually so cool and collected, that the first excited exclamation broke:

"Good God! Mrs. Musgrave!"

Mrs. Musgrave burst into tears and turned on Alison Murdoch, who stood close by, grim and defiant.

"You said it would be all right!" she wept reproachfully. "You swore to me that we were safe this way! You said and said again and again that there wasn't the least chance of 'em catching us—"

"Hold your tongue, you fool!" snapped Alison Murdoch.

I stood by, sick, wondering while Cottingley, under the detectives' supervision, unlocked the women's valises and turned out their contents. There was money there in a surprising quantity—bank notes that had been Mazaroff's, of course—and there were diamonds, and Mazaroff's personal properties. And in Alison Murdoch's valise there was a gold hunter watch, within which was an inscription to the effect that it was a present to James Bownas from his colleagues.

"There's always something that these people forget," remarked Maythorne, when a quarter of an hour later, he and I were driving back to Short's hotel. "Or, rather, some absolutely idiotic mistake they make. If Alison Murdoch hadn't thrown that veil into the ax-punch it'd have been a damned hard job to get at the real truth about Mazaroff, and if she hadn't been so covetous and grasping that she couldn't refrain from carrying off that poor chap Bownas' presentation watch, we should probably never have convicted her of murdering him. However—there they both are! But . . . Mrs. Musgrave!"

"Which of them shot Mazaroff?" I asked.

"Ah!" he replied, knowingly. "That's a stiff 'un, Holt! But Mrs. Musgrave knows it, and Mrs. Musgrave will tell. She'll not face it out like the other."

We hurried upstairs as soon as we reached Short's hotel—to find Corderdale and Manners talking to the doctor and Sheila in an alcove that opened off the corridor. Corderdale was evidently still indignant; the doctor looked somewhat annoyed and Sheila was obviously angry.

"You must see, doctor, that it's a question of duty," Corderdale was saying as we came upon them. "I want some explanation from Mrs. Elphinstone—"

"There's no need now, Corderdale," interrupted Maythorne, laying his hand on the detective's shoulder. "It's all over! We've got 'em!—they're safe under lock and key."

Sheila uttered a sharp cry of surprise and Corderdale turned quickly on Maythorne.

"Got 'em?" he exclaimed. "Who's got 'em?"

"Well, if you want to know, my clerk, Cottingley—smartest man in Europe at your game!—he got 'em. With the help of your own people to be sure. But the kudos is Cottingley's," replied Maythorne. "Top hole capture."

"And who'd he capture?" demanded Corderdale, almost incredulously. "Who?"

Maythorne glanced at Sheila.

"Well," he replied, "there's no secret about it now. Two women—Alison Murdoch and Mrs. Musgrave. And there's no doubt about it, either—they had property belonging to Mazaroff and property belonging to Bownas on them—actually on them!"

Corderdale turned to Manners who at the mention of Mrs. Musgrave's name had opened his mouth and his eyes to their widest extent. "Oh, well," said Corderdale. "In that case of course I think we'd better wait to see Mrs. Elphinstone."

It was some days before I myself saw Mrs. Elphinstone. At last I was admitted to see her. We exchanged a few conventional remarks about her state of health. Then she sat for some time in silence, steadily staring at me, staring so steadily that I began to feel uncomfortable. Suddenly she spoke.

"I suppose," she said, "I suppose that you and Sheila will become engaged, eventually?"

I thought then that I had better speak.

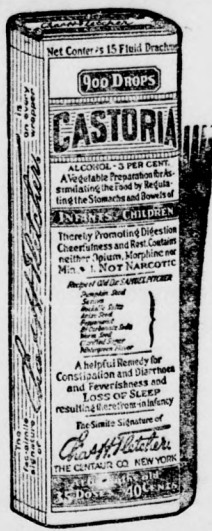
"The fact is, ma'am," I replied, "the fact—er—is that Sheila and I are engaged already."

[THE END.]

Restless Children

Children will fret, often for no apparent reason. But there's always one sure way to comfort a restless, fretful child. Castoria! Harmless as the recipe on the wrapper; mild and bland as its tastes. But its gentle action soothes a youngster more surely than some powerful medicine that is meant for the stronger systems of adults.

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Would Seem to Qualify as Osculatory Expert

Mayor Mackey may not look it, but his kisses would have made Romeo's technique seem simple.

His honor was addressing a luncheon to Burton W. Marsh, new city traffic engineer, the other day, and in his discourse told of a recent trip by air to Washington.

"There were the young women in the same plane with me," the mayor said, "and they all seemed to be enjoying my company, when I noticed that one pink-faced young thing in the back of the plane had her eyes shut. She seemed to be dreaming. Mechanically, I stepped up to her and kissed her fair cheek."

"To my?" she breathed, still with her eyes shut. "I didn't know I was so near Heaven!" — Philadelphia Record.

Don't Believe in It

Flits—I don't think women take much stock in that "suffering in silence" stuff.

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Write for booklet featuring distinctive uniforms for training schools, restaurants, coffee shops, etc.

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Mention this paper when writing.

W. N. U., San Francisco, No. 29-1930.

Responsibility

"Some one," once said General Dawes, according to the American Magazine, "has to stand up and take the garbage or the garlands."

So soon as one gets a reputation for wisdom he grows close-mouthed than ever.

Flit is sold only in this yellow can with the black band.

Kills Flies Mosquitoes Moths Bed Bugs Roaches Ants

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THE CAMPBELL PRESS
Published Every Tuesday at Campbell, California by
HARRY C. SMITH
Edited and Managed by
RICHARD H. KNAPPEN



Entered as second class matter Sept. 30, 1904 at the Postoffice at Campbell, Calif., under the Act of Congress of Mar. 3, 1879
Subscription, one year in advance, \$1.50
Advertising rates On application

MEMBER OF CALIFORNIA STATE PRESS ASSOCIATION

Editorial

SPEED

There is an average of one automobile for every family in the United States. Think of it! Over 24 odd million of them!

From a mere new-fangled idea they progressed to a luxury class, and from luxury to NECESSITY. In some sections of the country the local average is *two automobiles to every family*, and the market unquestionably is increasing all the time.

We are moving faster and faster all the time—10, 20, 30, 40, 50, 60, 100 miles an hour. But in pleasure, utility and service, and increased earning power, the automobile is more than paying for itself. They have changed our entire mode of living, and the entire economic structure of the country. The change has been for the better.

We are living faster, but we are enjoying ourselves more, and we've certainly got to hand it to the darn things. We've got to admit that "four wheels and a motor" have certainly added zest to life and living in Campbell.

WHY NOT PASSPORTS FOR MOVIES?

When an American citizen wishes to travel abroad, he must fill out a detailed application, which is carefully scrutinized by the state department, before the permission of his government is granted. If an American investor desires to send his funds abroad, he is asked to submit to the state department a complete description of the investment contemplated, and to await the approval of the department before completing the transaction.

Public approval supports both of these procedures. It is possible for either a traveler or a foreign loan to involve the government, which is expected to protect both, in trouble. It is manifestly unfair, therefore, to look to the government for support for citizens or investments which are not of a nature that the public interest indorses.

But when an American-made motion picture starts to travel abroad there is absolutely no official check upon it. It may portray life in the countries to which it is going in such fashion as to arouse deep resentment. Or it may give a badly distorted interpretation of life in the United States. Either way, it is capable of inflicting grave damage to the good relations existing between the American people and the other nations. But the government has, as yet, no way of safeguarding American interests in this regard.

Why should this be? Why should the people of Europe, Asia, Africa, South America and Australasia be allowed to think that America is a land of jazz maniacs, gunmen, spendthrifts, faithless public officers and similar unsavory characters which make up the cast of so many films? Or why should they be allowed to think that Americans consider the people of other countries as fit only to supply the villiany or the comic relief which is needed properly to set off their own virtues?

For several years now one foreign country after another has been acting to discourage the importation of American-made movies. In many cases, commercial reasons have lain behind these attempts to control this sort of trade. But this has not always been true. Turkey, for example, has no motion picture industry of its own to protect, yet Turkey is reported to be on the verge of taking drastic measures against the showing of American pictures. It does this, according to announcements in the Turkish press, to protect the morals of the Turkish youth.

On several occasions the state department, acting through its diplomatists, has intervened in behalf of American film interests when foreign governments have threatened restrictions of a profit-cutting nature. If the government is to be expected to intervene in this fashion, should it not have the prior right to pass on the fitness for export of the films which it is supposed to protect? Some sort of check-up on films intended for export should be established at once, so that this prolific source of international misunderstanding may be brought under responsible control. These envoys extraordinary should have credentials.

—Christian Science Monitor.

"Let us have America for Americans and none but Americans for America," cry the Hearst papers, which recently joined 40 foreign nations and the international bankers and industrialists in demanding that our tariff laws be written in the interests of alienism and internationalism rather than for the protection of the American wage-earner and farmer.



Just For Fun

A COLUMN OF FUN AND FACTS

By Haliwell & Jones

HOWDY FOLKS—For the convenience of mere citizens who insist upon talking back to cops, our statistical department has conducted an investigation to determine just how far you can go for how much.

"But officer, I couldn't possibly have done that."—\$5.00.
"Aw, go to h—."—\$25.00.
"You blankety blank so and so, I'll get your job for this."—\$50.00.

Another Farm Relief Proposal

New phonograph needles instead of free seeds.



From the pen of Poet McBathwater we have the following:
Now I sit me down to work,
I hope to goodness I won't shirk,
If I should snooze before I'm through
I hope the boss is snoozing too.

OUTSIDE OF THE CARTOONS DID YOU EVER SEE A LITTLE FAT CONGRESSMAN WITH CHIN WHISKERS?

"A man may come into this world without anything on him," remarks Joe McKinnon, "but let him run for office and he'll find out it's different."

Two Jews met in a barroom. After shaking hands, one of them said, "You know Abie, I was married yesterday to Rebecca Finesilver." "Vy Ikey, Oi! vat I know about dot woman!" "Two beers, bartender, a friend of the wife's."

Our best friends are satisfied users of GOODYEAR TIRES.

HALIWELL & JONES
OPPOSITE SCHOOLS—PH. 111
Campbell, California

STATE FEDERATION PRESIDENT WINDS UP HER FIRST YEAR

Los Angeles, July 22—United more strongly than at any time since the state convention in 1927 at Sacramento, the California Federation of Women's Clubs just closed its first year under the administration of Mrs. William W. Slayden of Los Angeles.

"There have been many achievements in the state federation of both local and national importance since its organization 30 years ago," states Annie Little Barry, Berkeley, vice president at large, "but none has excelled the work of Mrs. Slayden during the past year in building up a spirit of harmony, unity, and co-operation among the federated club women of California. At the beginning of our second year under the present administration we are looking confidently toward definite accomplishment in all departments of the organization and in all our efforts toward community betterment."

Individual clubs also voice their appreciation of the present growth of the federation and of many similar letters received at the state headquarters in Los Angeles, that of the Highland Park Ebells to Mrs. Slayden expresses the clubs' opinions:

"In appreciation of the fine work you are doing for the women of the state of California, as exemplified at the last state convention at

Oakland; the members of your club, the Highland Park Ebells, wish again to pledge their loyalty to you and their co-operation with you in the outstanding work you are doing."

The daily activities of the president of the California Federation of Women's Clubs are many and varied; the past year Mrs. W. W. Slayden presided at all monthly board meetings, the two-day summer conference, the state convention, and was present at the six district conventions of the state. She attended the ten-day biennial of the general federation and its two executive sessions of the year in the east, also luncheons, afternoon and evening meetings of various statewide national groups where she usually delivered an address. She held daily week day conferences; answered several hundred telephone calls, sent many telegrams and wrote 2,186 letters.

According to the report of Miss Claire Gulberson, Corcoran, chairman of the board of trustees, the past year's administration was exceptionally economical in that most members of the state board used under the amount of money budgeted them for the year's work.



Retain

Herbert C. Jones
as
STATE SENATOR

Election August 26

He Has Consistently Supported Measures of Benefit to Farmers

1. Secured Deciduous Fruit Experiment Station.
2. Supported Legislation for Co-operative Marketing.
3. Supported Legislation to suppress Hoof and Mouth disease and to compensate for damage.
4. Supported protection against Mediterranean Fruit Fly.
5. Supported protection against diseased potatoes and alfalfa, grape and nursery pests.
6. Voted to place warehouses under Railroad Commission.
7. Author of County's Water Conservation Act.
8. Author of State Fruit Standardization laws.
9. Selected by the farmers to draft Constitutional Amendment for Federal Plan Re-apportionment.

Commended by Grange, Prune Association, Berry Growers Association, Director of Agriculture, and other farm interests, for his efforts in behalf of agriculture.

It is good business to keep on the job a representative who has so successfully and effectively safeguarded and promoted the County's basic industries of agriculture.

Gayno Eddlemon, who has been ill for the past week, was able to resume his work as salesman for the Union Oil company Monday.

THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR A BANK ACCOUNT



An AMERICAN TRUST savings account is one form of investment that can readily be turned into cash—for it is cash—a ready reserve for emergencies and opportunities.

There is no substitute for a bank account. It means ready money available when you need it, not subject to market fluctuations but always worth one hundred cents on the dollar.

No matter how large or small your income may be, set something aside regularly in a savings account in one of the 95 offices of the AMERICAN TRUST COMPANY. That is the first step in getting a radio or new car or in plans for vacation, travel, investments, house furnishing, home building.

AMERICAN TRUST COMPANY

Since 1854

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Resources more than \$300,000,000

BATTLE CREEK SANITARIUM HEALTH FOODS

Expert Diet Advice Free

WE WILL HAVE IN OUR STORE

MRS. MARY CLERKE

Representing the Battle Creek Food Company, featuring foods used at the famous Sanitarium at Battle Creek, Mich., for over fifty years.

Mrs. Clerke will be glad to talk to you regarding correcting, through proper foods and food remedies, such conditions as

Auto Intoxication	Indigestion
Colitis	Rheumatism
Anaemia	Under Weight
Acidosis	Over Weight
Diabetes	High Blood Pressure

Foods for reducing, blood-building, gaining weight, and diabetics.

These foods are palatable, delicious, easy to prepare and highly economical. Advice on child nutrition. Your personal needs will receive interested attention. You are welcome to discuss matters freely.

WEDNESDAY (today) IS THE CLOSING

—DAY—

Shadle's Drug Store

TRADE AT HOME

Tree Props and Drying Trays a Specialty

All Kinds of Building Material
Best Service Possible

Announcing our affiliation with

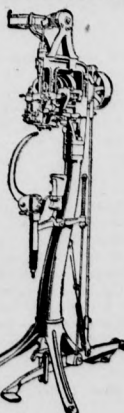
Mr. Geo. Jepsen

representing the L. H. BENNETT Co., distributors for the new

GENERAL ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR

Campbell Lumber Co.

Phone 113



LADIES!
With this machine we can now repair your smartest shoes

Campbell Shoe Hospital

Make remittances payable to Pacific Gas and Electric Company

DR. W. I. MERRILL
Physician and Surgeon
Office hours: 10 to 12 and 1 to 5
Office and Residence, Phone
Campbell 122

DR. F. R. ANDERSON
Physician and Surgeon
Office Hours: 10 to 12 and 1 to 5
Office: Curry Bldg, Phone 166
Campbell, Calif.

DR. C. E. FARMAN
Dentist
Hours: 9 a. m. to 4 p. m.
Curry Bldg. Campbell, Calif.

DR. ERNEST A. ABBOTT
Dentist
Rm. 6, Porter Bldg., San Jose
Phone San Jose 2447

Masonic Notice
Charity Lodge No. 362, F. & A. M., Campbell, Calif.
Stated meetings held on the first Monday of each month.
Chris Anderson, W. M.
T. A. Robinson, Secretary

Independent Order of Odd Fellows
Morning Light Lodge
No. 42 Meets every Thursday evening in I.O.O.F. hall.
Sojourning members are cordially invited to attend the lodge meetings.
Fred Getchell, Noble Grand, Ralph Gardner, Secretary

ORCHARD CITY GRANGE
Meets second and fourth Tuesday Evenings at I. O. O. F. Hall.
S. N. Hedegard, Worthy Master
Edna F. Kessling, Worthy Secy.

Patriarchal Branch I. O. O. F.
Barnes Encampment No. 77
Meets first and third Wednesday evenings at I. O. O. F. hall in Campbell.
H. A. Pratt, Chief Patriarch.
E. A. Draper, Scribe.

MINERAL SALTS GIVE HER TIRED HUBBY NEW PEP
"My husband took two bottles of Vinol. Now he has good appetite and more strength, pep and vigor than he ever had."—Mrs. Ralph Starkey.

Doctors have long known the value of mineral elements iron, calcium with cod liver peptone, as contained in Vinol. Nervous, easily tired people are surprised how Vinol gives new strength, sound sleep and a BIG appetite. Gives you more PEP to enjoy life! Vinol tastes delicious. —Shadle's Drug Store.

Midyear Registration Of Motor Vehicles Puts County Fourth

Sacramento, July 22 — Mid-year registrations of motor vehicles in California were shown in a report released here today by Frank G. Snook, chief of the division of motor vehicles, to have increased approximately six per cent or 108,489 over the same period a year ago.

The report gives total fee-paid registrations for the six-months period ending June 30 at 1,968,012. This does not include vehicles owned by public service corporations and political subdivisions on which no fees are paid, which, if counted, would bring the grand total beyond the 2,000,000 mark.

Fee-paid registrations for the six-months period follow: passenger cars, 1,830,096; solid tired trucks, 14,539; pneumatic tired trucks, 73,853; motorcycles, 8,182; solid tired trailers, 8,821; pneumatic tired trailers, 32,521.

Net fees will total well above \$6,000,000 it was announced, after all expenses for operating the di-

WAN-TADS

LOST—Gray kitten, part Persian. Return to Miss R. Farman, 71 N. 2nd st., Campbell. Reward.

LOST—Black and white terrier pup. Children's pet, 55A S. 1st. st.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of Nathan E. Hobson, also known as N. E. Hobson, also known as Nathan Hobson, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Amos O. Williams, administrator of the estate of Nathan E. Hobson, also known as N. E. Hobson, also known as Nathan Hobson, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them, with the necessary vouchers, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court in and for Santa Clara County, California, within six months after the first publication of this Notice, or within said period to exhibit the same, with the necessary vouchers, to the said administrator at Room 815 First National Bank Building, in the City of San Jose, County of Santa Clara, State of California, that being the place designated by the said Administrator for the transaction of the business of said estate.

San Jose, Cal., this 7th day of July, A. D., 1930.

Amos O. Williams, Administrator with the will annexed of the Estate of Nathan E. Hobson, also known as N. E. Hobson, also known as Nathan Hobson, Deceased.
Frank H. Benson, Atty. (44-5-6-7)

BIDS WANTED

Notice is hereby given that sealed bids will be received by the trustees of the Campbell Union High School for one Fageol Safety School bus chassis No. 135 with 210 in. wheelbase equipped with Waukesha Xk motor, six 34x7.50 balloon tires and spare, overload springs, Guss air shocks, Lockheed hydraulic four wheel brakes and fifty passenger Barshaw & Ballerla school bus type body.

Bids will be opened at the High School building Wednesday, Aug. 13, at 8:00 p. m.

The board reserves the right to reject any and all bids.
By order of the board:
F. W. Mitchell, Clerk.

"How much do you charge for garaging my car?"
No charge whatever, he was told.
"Well, then decided Sandy, 'I will sleep in my car tonight.'"—Liverpool Post.

visiona and the California highway patrol have been deducted. This sum will be distributed to the counties and the state highway commission for expenditure on the roads of the state thus indirectly returning the fees paid by the motorist in the form of better highways.

The gain in pleasure cars alone was in excess of 90,000. Motorcycles have reversed their ratios of several years and show a slight tendency to gain.

As in previous years, Los Angeles county was responsible for more than one-third of all registrations. The southern county alone registered more than three-quarters of a million passenger cars, while San Francisco county is second with 136,898, Alameda third with 132,575 and Santa Clara fourth with 51,089.

KIWANIS NOTES By Heck

Campbell Kiwanis club held a memorial service at its luncheon today in honor of Lucien M. Beall, one of its most devoted members. He being a member of the Knights Templar, the club sang "Onward Christian Soldiers," a hymn of that society.

The Rev. J. H. Bennett made a short talk on the life and labors of our departed "service man" and the meeting was adjourned that the members might attend the funeral.

A resolution of condolence was passed by the directors and a copy sent to the bereaved family.

Tuesday evening will be ladies' night and John Shively of San Francisco will speak on "Ideals." These affairs are much enjoyed by the ladies. Bring yours.

E. C. Merrill New Chief Patriarch of Barnes Encampment

With George Chew, district deputy grand patriarch, conducting, E. C. Merrill was Wednesday evening installed as chief patriarch of Barnes Encampment at Campbell. Other officers installed were Ralph Halbrooke, senior warden; A. B. Covey, junior warden; Julius Bachman, first watch; William Coupland, second watch; J. Souto, third watch; Olaf Strom, fourth watch; Charles Moore, Edwin Mitchell, guards; Harry Pratt, high priest; Charles Thompson, guide; David White, financial scribe; E. Draper, recording scribe, and Harry Silver, treasurer.

After the installation and business meeting were concluded a banquet for members and guests was held in the dining hall.

Betty Kissling Has Party On Fourth Birth Anniversary

Seven guests were present at a party given in honor of Betty Mae Kissling on her fourth birthday at her parents' home in the Slyd apartments last week.

Games were enjoyed until a late hour in the afternoon when cake and ice cream were served at one large table that was decorated with sweet peas.

Those who enjoyed the afternoon were Winifred Slasen, Theodore Gonzales, Irene Slickok, Elmer Slasen, Eugene Kissling, Elver Slickok, Byron Slickok and the guest of honor, Betty Kissling.

Yale Maxon Weds Helen Hitchcock Saturday, July 19

Friends of Yale Candee Maxon, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. Y. Maxon, will be interested to hear of his marriage on Saturday, July 19, to Miss Helen Hitchcock, daughter of David H. Hitchcock of Honolulu.

Mrs. Maxon is a teacher of art in the same college in Honolulu in which Yale has been teaching and they will continue their residence in that city.

Campbell friends extend the best of good wishes to the young people and will hope for a visit at a future date.

Mother—Why didn't you call me Doris, when that young man tried to kiss you?

Doris—I didn't know you wanted to be kissed, mother.

Tells How Fat Man Can Lose Half a Pound a Day

Here's a simple way to get rid of that corporation and quickly feel in both body and mind the joy of living.

It's the safe way, too—for every day you continue this easy method of losing unwanted and unneeded flesh you'll gain energy, vigor and endurance.

Nine times in ten obesity means inactivity—it means that your blood is starving for the six vital salts your internal organs need to keep you youthful, active, ambitious and keen in mind.

When you take one-half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts every morning in a glass of hot or cold water you get these six vital salts which modern foods and cooking do not supply.

Start taking Kruschen Salts—that's the common sense way to reduce—but don't take them with the idea that they possess reducing qualities in themselves.

This is what they do—they clean out the impurities in your blood by

keeping bowels, kidneys and liver in splendid working shape and fill you with a vigor and tireless energy you'd almost forgotten had existed.

The urge for activity will be so marked that even at the end of a hard day's work you'll feel ready for any social activity or recreation—you can play as hard as you work.

And after two weeks your excess flesh starts to go—you'll know it—feel it—see it—the scales will tell the story.

As one once corpulent man remarked—"I feel so energetic that I want to get up with the lark and I'm just as lively as a cricket."

Kruschen Salts is not a purgative or a cathartic, but a real system conditioner and for those who are the victims of constipation or toxemia its daily use soon means blissful regularity.

Get an 85 cent bottle of Kruschen Salts—last 4 weeks—at Clark's Drug Store—or at any drug-gist in the world. —Adv.

Engagement of Marion Austin Is Announced

The betrothal of Miss Marion Sue Austin to Oliver C. Jensen was announced at a lovely informal party Friday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ben Austin.

The earlier hours of the evening were pleasantly passed with bridge and other card games. When refreshments were served the secret was revealed by the names found on little pink hearts attached to the nut baskets. All the table decorations were very effective in pink with touches of green and white.

Mr. Jensen is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Jensen of Cupertino, and a graduate of the Campbell high school.

The Misses Margaret and Myrri Austin, who had planned the party in their sister's honor, had assembled a group of her former classmates including Mesdames Irene Preston Fields of San Diego, Ruth Miller Eddlemon, Wilma Smith King, Florence Carter Lang, Frances Duncan Murphy, Miss Lorraine Suggs and Miss Frances Fletcher.

The Nazarene church of San Jose held its first meeting and services Sunday evening in a tent at First street and Rincon avenue. This is the first of three services. Meetings are under the direction of Rev. Orville Potter of Pasadena, assisted by Rev. E. E. Mieras, pastor of the Nazarene church in San Jose.



INCUMBENT

JOS. MCKINNON
Candidate

For Supervisor
Fourth District

Prim. Election, Aug. 26

Your Support and
Vote are Requested
by

MAE E. FLANNERY

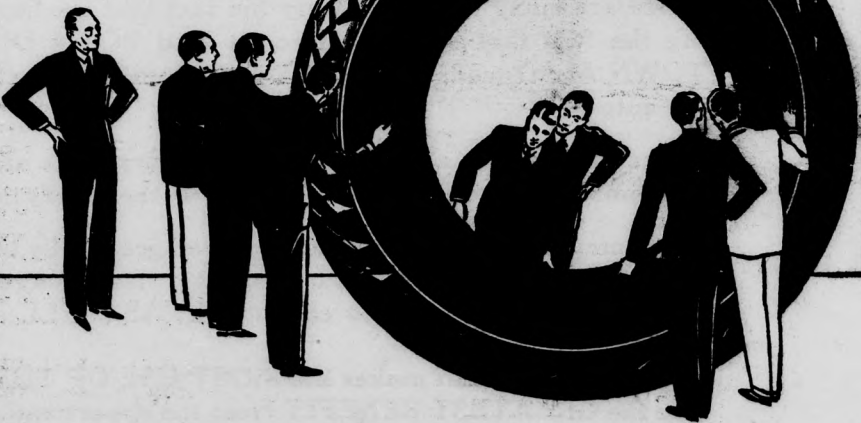
Candidate for
COUNTY
RECORDER

on her record for
Efficiency-Economy
Courtesy - Service

Primary Election, Aug. 26, '30



NEW



Greatest 6-Ply Heavy Duty Tires in History!

New
GOODYEAR
Pathfinder
6-Ply Heavy Duty
Lifetime Guaranteed
Full Oversize

Above, the stylish, extra-sturdy All-Weather. At your left, its lower-priced teammate—the new, extra-strong Pathfinder. Big, handsome, full oversize Heavy Duty tires—Goodyear's latest 1930 creations. Values only the world's largest rubber company can offer.

Built for super-protection. For hard drivers. For roads hard on tires. Six plies of matchless Supertwist Cord (Goodyear patent) under their treads. Backed by our friendly, all-year service.

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Particular People
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